

## FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Pope Leo has a civil list of \$3,000,000, but his expenses are so large that his household has to practice petty economies.

—The Queen-regent of Spain is very near-sighted, and constantly uses eye-glasses set in a long tortoise-shell handle.

—Dollis Hill, the home of Lord Aberdeen, at which Mr. Gladstone is a frequent guest, enjoys—or otherwise—the fame of being the last place which Jack Sheppard robbed. He murdered the old lady to whom it belonged, and for that crime was hanged.

—Fully 30,000 German residents in England who evaded conscription on the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war, can now return to their fatherland without risk, as their offense terminated with the late Emperor's reign.

—The orchid trade is becoming an important industry. One London importer employs sixteen collectors in various parts of the world, whose salaries and expenses alone exceed \$100,000 a year.

—A Berlin artist is said to have devised a method of securing incombustible scenery for theaters. Instead of canvas he uses fine wire gauze and covers it with a peculiar kind of paste, which makes a good material for painting.

—A naphtha reservoir is to be constructed in the harbor of Odessa, at a cost of two and a half million rubles. It will have a projecting sea-wall 1,200 yards in extent. Into this reservoir the oil will be hydraulically pumped direct from the tank-holds of the specially-constructed petroleum vessels running between Odessa and Batum.

—An apparatus, which may be used as an ordinary street lamp, has been invented in England for the destruction of sewer gas. The flame creates a partial vacuum, causing the air to rush from the sewer into the lamp. The internal appliances are of copper, and the heat is maintained at a temperature of 400 degrees; living organisms coming in contact with this are necessarily destroyed.

—A correspondent describes Prince Bismarck's wife as a perfect specimen of the German Hausfrau. She bears her honors as the most natural thing in the world, holds fast by the friends of humbler days, and has but one great object in life—to make her husband and children happy. The Prince once said of her: "She is the woman who has made me what I am."

—Jerusalem at a late date was rapidly filling up with Israelites, their number having increased sixfold since 1880. The recent persecutions in Russia have led thousands of them to seek a home in the ancient city. The Turkish Government forbids all Jews who are not residents of Jerusalem to remain longer than thirty days in the city, but the all-powerful "back-sheesh" enables them to live there as long as they wish, without molestation.

—Rabbi San Adra, of Vienna, sent the Pope a splendid copy of the Talmud, nearly a thousand years old, as a Jubilee gift. Rabbi Michael, of Rome, presented a costly medicine-chest, antique and of very rare design, in recognition of the odd fact that in medieval days the papal doctor was always a Jew. Other leading rabbis sent the Pope valuable gifts, and a leading Jewish banker has presented one of the first microscopes ever made, said to have cost twenty years' labor to bring to perfection.

## MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

The Life She Led While Holding Court at Holyrood.

Mary landed at Leith on the 19th of August, 1561, she was married to her cousin, Henry Stuart (Lord Darnley), on the 29th of July, 1565. During these years her life, though uneventful, was not happy. Holyrood was the headquarters of the court, and the somber old palace, which had more than once been gutted by the "wild enemy," put on something of summer brightness during her stay. Mary had the easy manners of her race; she cared little for ceremony or ceremonial state; had she been a man she would have sought adventure, like her father—"riding out through any part of the realm, him alone, unknown that he was King." She dined with the wealthier citizens; for the poorest she had a ready smile, and a pleasant word. The Reformers complained that she was addicted to dancing—"her common speech in secret was, she saw nothing in Scotland but gravities, which she could not agree with, for she was brought up in joyousness—she termed she dancing and other things thereto belonging;" and there were frequent sports and masques among the courtiers and the ladies of the Court, after the somewhat pious fashions of the time. Yet graver matters were not neglected—she read Livy "daily" with Buchanan, she sat in council with her nobles, the envoys of foreign Princes were duly welcomed and hospitably entertained. She did not, however, I believe, care much for Holyrood; the palace lay low among its marshes, and the turbulent Calvinism of the capital was a constant menace to a Catholic Queen. It was at Falkland and St. Andrews that she felt most at home. She loved the hardy outdoor life with hawk and hound. During the four years preceding her marriage, passing as I have said elsewhere, whole days in the saddle, she had ridden through every part of her kingdom except the wild and inaccessible district between Cromarty and the Pentland Firths.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## TASMANIA RAILWAYS.

A Colony Which Has Just Awakened from a Deep Sleep.

The island of Tasmania, or Van Diemen's Land, as it was formerly called, lies to the extreme south of Australia, between 40 deg. 15 min. and 43 deg. 45 min. south latitude, and between 144 deg. 45 min. and 148 deg. 30 min. east longitude. It is separated from Australia by Bass Strait, 120 miles wide, but it is in telegraphic communication with the Australian continent, and therefore with Europe, the Tasmanian and Victoria

submarine telegraph being worked by the Eastern Extension Telegraph Company upon a guarantee from the Tasmanian Government. The greatest length of the island is 230 miles, and its greatest width 190 miles. Its surface is estimated at 26,215 square miles, or almost the size of South Carolina. The total area, exclusive of islands and lakes, is 15,571,000 acres, or inclusive of these, 16,778,000 acres. The population at the last census in 1881 was 115,705, and it is estimated to be now close on 140,000 persons. Tasmania is a mountainous country, having hills ranging from 1,000 feet to 6,000 feet in height. It has several extensive lakes on the high central table land, and these form the sources of the chief rivers, of which there are several. The climate of Tasmania is very salubrious, and the island is recommended as a sanatorium for invalids, the hot north winds of Australia being tempered by the 120 miles of sea at Bass Strait. The chief products are tin and gold, wool, wheat, oats, barley, potatoes, timber, hops, fruit, jam and whale oil. The government of Tasmania, with a view to encourage special manufacturing industries, have offered bonuses from time to time, of which the following are yet unclaimed:

Sugar from beet or other products grown in the colony, bonus \$10,000, 200 tons to be manufactured in one year.

Salt—O: 300 tons being manufactured in one year, a bonus of \$250 per ton for the first hundred tons, and \$125 per ton for the second and third hundred.

Corn sacks or woolpacks—Bonus \$5,000. The quantity of sacking suitable for working up into those articles turned out in one year to be 40,000 yards.

Up to about four years ago Tasmania was considered a sleepy colony, and was dependent upon Australia and England for the supply of most articles of general consumption. Now the country has awakened, trade is developing, and railways are extending in various directions. During the past three years no less than twenty-seven jetties have been erected. Better vessels are visiting the ports of the colony, and large and handsome warehouses and business establishments are being erected in the chief towns.—*Scientific American.*

## MUNKACSZY'S STORY.

Days When the Great Hungarian Artist Painted for a Bare Living.

Although not yet forty-five years old, M. de Munkacszy, because of his wonderful experiences, has already lived a lifetime. In the Hungarian village of Munkacszy lived a poor family named Lib. The youngest of twelve children was called Michel, and when his father was only three years old he was an orphan and penniless. But little Miska, as he was called, had the good fortune to be adopted by his aunt, who was a rich widow. One day a band of robbers coming from the Danube killed the servants, plundered the house, and after having mortally wounded the aunt of Miska, departed with all her treasures.

A second time was the boy an orphan and penniless, although but ten years old. An uncle, too poor to care for him, apprenticed Miska as a carpenter. For three years he slept in the stable and ate with the poor workmen, all for the recompense of a few dollars each year. At thirteen his condition improved a little, but, unfortunately, when he reached the age of sixteen, he was so ill that his uncle's house was his only shelter. During his convalescence, while still too weak to work, he tried to sketch, and, by chance, one of his sketches fell under the eyes of the artist Samosi, who was pleased enough to answer for Miska's future.

But the youthful genius was obliged to struggle with a family entirely ignorant of art, and when he went to Buda-Pesth to continue his studies one dollar each week was all the money he was allowed to live upon. His friends, however, were chosen among the highest in the country, and if he lacked money he had talent to pay for what he needed. He lived on bread and water, but wore the finest clothes, because he found a tailor willing to exchange his wares for portraits of himself surrounded by his family. To-day this shopkeeper possesses at least twenty-five Munkacszy's. When he left Buda-Pesth, Munkacszy went to Munich, Vienna, and then to Paris, and until 1870, when "The Last Day of a Condemned Man" was exhibited, the artist had but little reputation—but he was only twenty-six years old. In 1884 he married Mme. Cecile Papler Valerius, widow of Baron de Maries, who had been Munkacszy's friend. For a wedding present the Emperor of Austria admitted him to the Hungarian nobility and gave him for name that of the village in which he was born.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

## How Johnnie Tied the Dog.

Johnnie's dog was out in the yard pulling the clothes off the line and having so much fun that Mrs. Jones' patience was entirely exhausted.

"Go out there, Johnnie," she called to her hopeful son, "and tie that dog."

"What must I tie him to, mother?" asked Johnnie.

"Oh, tie him to any thing. I can't have him tearing every thing to pieces."

Johnnie went out and in about ten minutes he returned.

"Well," inquired his mother, "did you get him tied? You were long enough about it."

"Yes'm," said Johnnie, exultingly, "I got him tied to a tin can and the way he went down street was beautiful to look at," and Johnnie's laugh ended in a howl as his mother reached for him.—*Washington Critic.*

—There are few things in this world more touching than the devotion of a loving wife to an unworthy husband, and nothing that is more utterly destructive of woman's reputation for good sense.—*Somerville Journal.*

—There is no good in arguing with the inevitable. The only argument available against an east wind is to put on your overcoat.

## HOME AND FARM.

—A solution of equal parts of gum arabic and plaster of paris cements china and earthenware.

—The horse with plenty of curry-comb outside and oats inside doesn't show his ribs before midsummer.

—Orange Pudding: Put in a baking dish three sweet oranges, peeled and sliced; pour over one cup of sugar, one pint of milk, yolks of three eggs, one tablespoon of cornstarch boiled until thick. Whip the whites, pour over the top and set in the oven to stiffen.

—A very palatable dish in soups may be made of beef soup, with fine add pancakes folded and then cut after the style of cold slaw, specially and milk are so handy, and something unusual is desired to put before a guest.

—Tomato Soup: Take a pint of canned tomatoes, or four large raw ones, cut up fine, add one quart of boiling water and let them boil, then add one teaspoon of soda, when it will foam; immediately add one pint of sweet milk, pepper, salt and plenty of butter. When this boils add eight small crackers, rolled fine, and serve.

—If you wish to clean your copper teakettles with very little labor and without soiling your hands or making them rough or sore, rub them with white flour with hot water with very sour buttermilk. Other sour milk will clean them, but buttermilk is preferable. Clean them thus once or twice a week, and they will keep as bright as a new penny, and your hands will not be made as rough as a grater, as is the case when salt and vinegar are used.

—We improve a road's surface with a view, 1. To substitute a hard and smooth surface for the soft and yielding earth. 2. To protect the ground from the action of the rainwater. Let water once get into the soil beneath the road and it is soft and yielding. The object of the firm road is to supply a roof that shall protect the ground from the weather. It is not a substitute for the soil under it, but a protection to that soil.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—Strawberry Cream Tarts: Line patty-pans with paste, bake, fill with stewed strawberries; stir half a teaspoonful of corn-starch into half a cup of milk with the beaten whites of two eggs, and two tablespoons of white sugar; set on the stove and stir until thick and smooth, let cool and add half a teaspoon of whipped cream, beat, and pour over the tarts. Raspberries or other small fruits may be used instead of strawberries.

—In order to improve the oat crop, take a washtub or a large barrel, fill it two-thirds full of water; pour half a bushel or so of seed oats at a time into the tub of water, and skim off all oats that will not sink to the bottom. Drain off the water and dry the oats that are left. You now have a fine quality of oats to sow. They will give you fully seventy-five per cent. better yield than before, besides having a superior lot of seed for your neighbors the following year.—*Ohio Farmer.*

—Sawdust with Cream Tartar: Line patty-pans with paste, bake, fill with stewed strawberries; stir half a teaspoonful of corn-starch into half a cup of milk with the beaten whites of two eggs, and two tablespoons of white sugar; set on the stove and stir until thick and smooth, let cool and add half a teaspoon of whipped cream, beat, and pour over the tarts. Raspberries or other small fruits may be used instead of strawberries.

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## BRIEF ANECDOTES.

A MINISTER in the country had some clothing repaired by a local tailor, and, in conversing with him, said incautiously: "When I want a good coat, I go to Boston. That's the place. By the way," he added, "do you ever go to church?" "Yes, sir," "And where do you attend?" "Well, sir, when I want to hear a good sermon, I go to Boston. That's the place."

A MINISTER's wife once asked the late Dr. Eadie in company how he became attached to the Secession Church when his father was a member of the Relief. "Oh," said the doctor, "I can easily explain that. Some of the children went with my father and some with my mother; but my father took nothing in his pocket for the 'interval,' while my mother always took bread and cheese—I went with the bread and cheese."

As old Quaker went into a book-store, and an impertinent salesman, wishing to have some sport at his expense, said to him: "You are from the country, aren't you?" "Yes," quickly answered the Quaker. "Then here's just the thing for you," responded the clerk, holding up a book. "What is it?" "The Quaker." "It's an essay on the rearing of calves," "Friend," said the Quaker, "there had better present that to thy mother!"

The shooting of a big dog by a French custom-house officer in the north of France the other day has given rise to some queer dog stories in the French papers. The officer shot the dog because he was suspiciously fat. The post-mortem examination revealed the fact that the dog was a leather coat made to look like his own skin, and skillfully fastened at the shoulder and haunches in such a way as to completely conceal the ends of the hair. In this coat the dog carried several hundred cigars.

A NEW LINCOLN story comes from the South. It is related that on his arrival at General Grant's camp at City Point, Va., in the fall of 1862, the President, who had left him with a sense of sea-sickness, "Try oysters and champagne," urged a staff-officer; "that's the very best remedy in the world for sea-sickness." "No," answered the President; "no, I don't like champagne was intended to do much curing. I've noticed that most of the men sea-sick have always been drinking that very medicine."

A CONVENTION man tells this story of a remarkable exhibition of nerve by a professional sneak-thief: "One day he walked quietly into a bank, took off his hat and coat, hung them on a nail, put on an office coat and then he walked into the rear room which contained the vaults. The directors were holding a meeting and one sat in front of a door blocking the passage of the thief. The thief, who was well known to the directors, walked in and when the obliging director did so the man went through the door, picked up two of the largest bags of gold in sight, coolly walked out with them, and thief and gold were soon no more there."

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